

The Fairfield Herald.

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The Fents of a Tight Rope Performer and Magician at a Height of Three Hundred Feet in the Air.

One of the most extraordinary and almost incredible exhibitions of human intrepidity and daring was last Monday, the 14th inst., witnessed by the citizens of this place. It seemed to me to equal if not surpass in thrilling and painful interest anything ever attempted by Sam Patch or Blondin in their wildest efforts. An individual named Donaldson—a tight-rope walker and "magician," as he styles himself—who had on the previous Wednesday made a balloon ascension in the ordinary way (the first balloon ascent of any kind he had ever made in his life), repeated his performance on Monday last, but this time with no basket attached to his balloon—nothing whatever, in fact, but a common trapeze. Upon this he seated himself with the greatest coolness and composure, and went floating away into space, to the astonishment of the large crowd which had gathered to see him, but few cheers greeting him, as the spectators seemed spell bound with fear and apprehension. After ascending to a considerable distance he commenced throwing out a number of circulars which he had attached to a little hoop below the balloon, and which in the clear atmosphere appeared like twinkling stars surrounding the balloon, producing a most novel and pleasing effect. But this was nothing to what followed. At the height of some three hundred feet he commenced balancing himself on his back on the bar of the trapeze, and going through other fearful evolutions. He then deliberately slid from the bar head downwards, and catching himself by the feet, remained suspended for several seconds in that awful position! The appalling sight was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A thrill and a low murmur of horror passed through the immense multitude, who were looking on with intense interest, and many hurried away from the sight giddy and faint. The daring aeronaut, however, went through his evolutions successfully, and, regaining his seat, went soaring rapidly and steadily upwards. When at the height of three quarters of a mile he had the astounding nerve to repeat his performance, which, at so great a distance, could only be clearly visible by the aid of glasses. What made this ascent all the more hazardous is that the balloon is a very small one, carrying but little ballast, and with nothing but a light anchor attached to the hoop.

I am glad to say that the aeronaut completed his voyage safely, although he once or twice seemed to be in considerable danger. The trapeze struck the roof of Henry Conard's residence on 15th street, when Mr. Donaldson made a skilful leap from the trapeze and prevented a collision. The balloon then ascended and came down again on the other side of the road in a field, and was about striking the top of a tree, when Mr. Donaldson turned a somersault on the trapeze rope and prevented the bar from catching in the tree. There is some talk of our having a repetition of this painful exhibition during our fair next week, if the authorities do not interfere to prevent it. It really seems to me that they should, and that it is also the duty of the leading press of the country to denounce such reckless and unnecessary risk of human life for the mere gratification of morbid excitement.—Reading, Berks Co., Pa. Correspondence of the New York World.

Suffocating Mules.

The Savannah Advertiser says the train on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, due there at 9:15 Monday evening, did not arrive until 11:15. The detention was occasioned at Grahamville, where the train was delayed until one box car was knocked almost to pieces in order to give air to a number of mules shipped at Charleston, nine of which were found dead from suffocation when the train reached Grahamville. There were eight mules shut up in the car altogether, and those that died will be re-shipped by return train this morning. Evidently a Prof. Borgh is sadly needed in Charleston to give a few wholesome lessons upon the treatment of animals.

The Courier of Monday says: General Q. A. Gilmore, who came hither last week to examine into the strength of the fortification of the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, after being absent on this duty, returned to the Mills House Saturday, and left yesterday for New York thence in Washington to report.

Telegraph Ticks.

THE DANGER OF OPERATING AT A HOTEL BREAKFAST TABLE.

Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels, and being of a somewhat hilarious disposition find great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at the table by ticking on their plates with a knife, fork or spoon. For the information of those not familiar with telegraphy it may be well to state that a combination of sounds or ticks constitutes the telegraphic alphabet, and persons familiar with these sounds, can converse thereby as intelligibly as with spoken words. The young lightning strikers, as already stated, were in the habit of indulging in table-talk by this means whenever they desire to.

SAY ANYTHING PRIVATE.

to each other. For instance, No. 1 would pick up his knife and tick off some such remark as this to No. 2: "Why is this butter like the office of Hamlet's uncle?" No. 2—I give it up. No. 1—Because its rank and smells to heaven. Of course the joke is not appreciated by the landlord, (who sits close by), because he doesn't understand telegraphic ticks, and probably he wouldn't appreciate it much if he did; but the jokers enjoy it immensely, and laugh immoderately, while the other guests wonder what can be the occasion for this merriment, and naturally conclude the operators must be idiots.

A few days ago, while the fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast, a stout-built young man entered the dining room with

A HANDSOME GIRL

on his arm, whose timid, blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had in fact been married but a day or two previous, and had come to San Francisco from their home in Oakland or San Diego, or some other rural village, for the purpose of spending the honeymoon. The telegraphic tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows: "What a lovely little pigeon this is alongside of me—ain't she?"

No. 2—"Perfectly charming; looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Just married, I guess. Don't you think so?"

No. 1—"Yes I should judge she was. What luscious lips she's got! If that country bunkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a hug and a kiss just for luck."

No. 2—"Suppose you try it anyhow. Give her a little nudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascals might have gone but for an amazing and

ENTIRELY UNFORSEEN EVENT.

The bridegroom's face had flushed and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the ticking conversation, but the operators were too much occupied with each other to pay any attention to them. The reader may form some idea of the young man's consternation when the partner of the young lady picked up his knife and ticked off the following terse but vigorous message:

"This lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast I propose to wring your necks—you insolent whelps!"

The countenance of the operators fell very suddenly when this message commenced. By the time it ended they had lost all appetite and appreciation of jokes, and slipped out of the dining room in a very rapid and unceremonious manner. The bridegroom, it seems, was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."—San Francisco Chronicle.

On to Washington.

General Wade Hampton and General Butler left for Washington, yesterday morning. It is said that the object of their visit is to denounce the vile calumny of Edmunds, of Vermont, who in a recent speech in the Senate charged that they and General Kershaw were leaders of the Ku-Klux Klan in South Carolina. General Kershaw, we are informed, will join General Hampton and Butler in Washington.—Phoenix.

The Duel in New Orleans.

A New Orleans dispatch states that several duels have originated from the testimony of Captain Scott before the Congressional Committee, who swore to the bribery of certain officials. Scott has challenged Senator Campbell, and they will fight with double-barreled shot-guns. Lucien Adams challenged Scott, and they will fight with swords. Police Superintendent Badger has challenged Carter.

The excoctors of the Fisk estate have disposed of the Central Park gardens to the persons from whom the Colonel purchased them in November. The interest of the Fisk family in Sunday concerts at the Grand Opera House has also ceased.

Civil Rights Bill.

The House concurrent resolution requesting Senators Robertson and Sawyer to resign their seats in Congress, for alleged opposition to Sumner's supplementary civil rights bill, was killed by a handsome majority in the Senate, Wednesday, as it deserved to be. The House went off half-cooked, as usual, and simply showed its own stupidity by acting upon a matter of which they knew nothing. Senator Robertson, so far from opposing the bill of Mr. Sumner, warmly advocated it, as the debates in Congressional Globe plainly show. He objected, and very properly, to its being tacked on as an amendment to its amnesty measure—being convinced, and the result has proven his judgment correct, that such a course would defeat both his bill and Sumner's, too. This was, doubtless, Sumner's intention in pressing his amendment at the time and in the manner he did—not, perhaps, to kill, which he can and probably will soon introduce again as a separate measure, but to prevent the removal of the political disabilities of the prominent Southern gentlemen of the old regime. Sumner, we are charitable enough to admit, is, in the main, a very good sort of a man, of some intellectual force, and of very fair integrity, but he has one great fault, that such a great philanthropist as he sets up to be should correct and subdue. He cherishes malice over-much and bears ill blood entirely too long for a brave Christian gentleman. He has been upwards of fifteen years since Brooks administered a drubbing to him for the insulting remarks he made about South Carolina, yet it seems as fresh in his mind as if his old carcass was still aching with the pain of the blows.—Carolinian.

The Military Prisoners.

On Thursday afternoon last, the following New York County prisoners were returned from Columbia for imprisonment here until their cases are determined: R. T. Higgins, W. H. White, J. F. Little, M. S. Bowen and R. P. Caldwell, white; and Sam Stewart and Frank Powell, colored. J. S. Miller, who was tried at the recent term of the United States Circuit Court, has also been sent here to serve out his term of imprisonment, which will expire on the 28th of March next. Including those returned from Columbia, there are now twenty-two military prisoners in confinement here.—Yorkville Enquirer.

"The Fastest Time Ever Made on a Southern Road."

The Mobile Register gives a glowing account of the fast time made on the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad, by a special train carrying Mr. Tom Scott, the railroad monopolist, and a party of his friends to Mobile. The train was in special order, the engine was the best the Company had. They picked out their champion engineer and their star conductor, and with all this "to do" made the distance of one hundred and forty and one-fifth miles in three hours and thirteen minutes.

Reducing Bones to Powder.

A farmer writes: "Last year I collected a lot of bones and reduced them in the following manner. Put them into a large earthen kettle or boiler, with an equal bulk of good hard wood ashes; then poured in water enough to make a thin mortar, and boiled the mass from one to two hours, when the bones became completely dissolved or broken down with the exception of a few hard shin bones. The mass was shoveled into a box and allowed to remain a week or so, when the remainder of the bones completely disappeared. Before using, I dried it off with dry loam and plaster, and ground it fine with a hoe. A little was used in the hills of different crops with excellent results."

Money Free.

The Raleigh Carolinian gives notice that "an effort is making to provide funds for distribution among the Democratic papers of the State, to enable them to better prosecute the campaign, print and distribute public documents &c. We learn that several thousand dollars will be devoted to this purpose, and it is estimated that the country press of North Carolina will next summer be the most efficient arm of the service."

Chills.

An intelligent gentleman, living in a portion of Mecklenburg county where the lands are the richest and where chills abound, tells that he and his family have escaped the disease for years by the free use of whitewash in the dwelling house and out-buildings. So cheap and cleanly a remedy well worth trying.—Southern Home.

The Chesterfield Democrat says: We learn that the Pee Dee river is rapidly rising, and already overflowing the low grounds opposite this place. It is feared that much damage may be done.

General Maury's Account of the Assault Upon him.

I went into a sleeping car at Chattanooga to secure a few hours of rest. The conductor of the sleeping car met me and politely informed me that any of the berth would be at my service, as he had no other passengers. I laid my traveling bag and showed upon a seat, and fell into a civil chat with the conductor, during which he informed me he was from Louisiana County, Virginia, the adjoining County to my own, Spotsylvania. I turned from him, and without a word, took up my valise and shawl and went out of the sleeping car and went into the next in front.

I had been in that car about five or ten minutes when I missed the cap of my over-coat, and thinking I might have left it in the restaurant of the depot, went hastily and asked the proprietor if I had left my cap there. He told me no. I then went into the sleeping car to look for it, and found it in the seat, where I had placed it. I took it up, and was on my way out of the car with it, when the same conductor confronted me, and said to this effect:

"You left this car very abruptly just now, sir; why did you do so?" His manner was aggressive. I replied, "Because sir, I chose to do so;" and then, with coarse language and insolent manner, he demanded again my reasons. I replied, "I left the car because you are the author of a scandal upon the Southern people." He ran to the stove, took up an iron poker, and came quickly up to me with it denouncing and threatening me in violent and foul terms, until I had reached the door of the sleeping car, when just as I stepped out upon the platform, he suddenly caught me around the neck with the arm holding his lantern, throw me down upon the platform, and struck me rapidly and violently on the back of my head with the poker. He inflicted several cuts upon my head and several upon my arms before he was prevented, by Mr. Peck, the brakeman, from further violence.

I had no weapon upon my person, nor anywhere within reach, and having been maimed in both my hands, was at his mercy from the moment he threw me down.

These are the main facts known to me about this outrage. I lay them before you, and am respectfully, yours,

DABNEY H. MAURY.

A Man with Three Arms.

The Williamsport (Pennsylvania) Gazette and Bulletin is responsible for the following:

Among the passengers on the train bound south last evening was a man born and raised in the county of Osage, New York. His name is William Jacobs. He prides himself on three well developed arms and hands, the member extraordinary having grown above the right shoulder blade. It hangs suspended down the back, and can be raised and lowered at will. In length it is shorter than the arms proper, but possesses extraordinary muscle which he displays when occasion demands it. No person passing through a railroad car or meeting him upon the street would observe any deformity, but after becoming cognizant of this singular case would perceive a peculiar fit of his coat. He states that he has often been questioned as to why he does not place himself on exhibition or become one of Barnum's permanent attractions. His invariable reply is that he is averse to public exhibitions. His father being a wealthy farmer, he has always preferred to remain at home and was the most active and profitable of the farmer's help.

Daring Hunter.

Louis Kelly is, perhaps the most daring and successful Indian hunter in the great West. He travels alone, fights alone, and wears a turban around his head when out on the prairie. He is said to be a graduate of a college, and hails from Virginia, or South Carolina. He is about twenty-two years of age, handsome, well formed and muscular. The Indians dread him as much as they ever did Kit Carson or Daniel Boone. He never misses his mark. An Indian is as good as dead the moment he draws sight on him. He will travel weeks at a time through hostile Indians and never express a thought of danger. Kelly is now on a trip to the headwaters of the Yellowstone, a country never yet visited by any white man. He has been known to dare a dozen Indians on the open prairie to fight him in a body. No Indian will ever get within reach of his deadly rifle.

A contemporary very aptly and truly remarks: If some men are asked to advertise, they say it does not do them any good—that a paper has no influence. But let the editor write a half dozen lines against them, and they immediately institute legal proceedings, laying their damages at \$10,000.

No flute player ever beats his wife.

The Confederate Archives.

Wm. L. Stone recently delivered an oration in New York. In the course of his remarks, he gave the following bit of information concerning the disposition which was made of the rebel archives at the collapse of the rebellion: "On the morning of Mr. Davis' capture," says Mr. Stone, "David Tilghman waited upon him at his bedside and said, 'By this you may see that the enemy is here; such and such is the disposition of the roads. If you come with me you will be able to leave the country in safety. If you do not, you will be captured in five hours.' To this Mr. Davis replied curtly, 'I knew his own business,' Tilghman continued: 'Very well sir; I have been entrusted with the treasures and archives, and propose to secure them, even at the peril of the loss of your favor and my life. I shall start at once by the way I have marked out.' The result is well known. In less than five hours Mr. Davis was a prisoner, but the arch-chieftain was safe. When a few weeks after in the recesses of the forest, Tilghman learned that all was lost, he alone, with his own hands, buried the treasure and archives, and unless, during the four years that elapsed between his perishing with me and his untimely death, he revealed the spot, the secret as to the whereabouts of the archives are forever buried. As long as they can be kept from the ken of man, so long shall the story be a monument to our brother's unswerving fidelity. This is the true history of the archives of the Southern Confederacy, although rumors are from time to time set afloat of their being now in the vaults of this bank, and now of that."

The Curse of Cotton.

The South, a journal published in New York, and devoted to the material interests of the Southern States, argues that cotton has wrought the final ruin of that section; not the simple growth of it, nor even the exaltation of it into their chief article of production, nor the investment of millions of dollars and the expenditure of much mental effort and physical energy in its culture. Not in all these has lain the curse but rather in excessive, absorbing and, therefore, ruinous devotion to the growth of cotton, to the relative exclusion of other important agricultural productions, which were necessary in order to render her independent of foreign sources of supply, to the neglect of those mechanic arts without which no State can realize the highest advantage of a civilized condition, and to the utter disregard of numberless other profitable modes of investing capital and utilizing labor.

A Mad Elephant.

A story comes from India of a mad elephant which for many years has been the terror of a tract in the "Central Provinces." About twenty years since the animal escaped, and killed in that period some eighty or a hundred hundred human beings. Some of the carcasses, it is said, the elephant devoured, but this is questionable, as being contrary to the habits of the creature. The monster was more dreaded than any "man eating tigers" since the houses of the native were no protection, the elephant destroying houses to get at the inmates. The savage beast was hunted and killed in December last, by an English officer at the head of a party of natives. The Government reward, one hundred dollars, was divided among the natives.

Criticising Newspapers.

It is a very easy matter to criticize a newspaper; but to publish a live one, so as to interest, amuse, and instruct the public, is no small undertaking. Those in this community who are so prone to find fault with every little item which does not suit their critical and exalted ideas, should buy type, ink, and paper, and publish an organ of their own. Let them try it for three months only, and if it didn't give them some ideas of the newspaper business, then we are no judge of human nature. The conceit would be taken out of such individuals so quickly that they would hardly know what was the matter with them, or whether they stood on their heads or feet.—Exchange.

Darkness in the Treatment of Small Pox.

If a patient, in the beginning of the attack, be put in a room from which absolutely all light is excluded save that of a candle, the effect is to arrest the disease in the popular of vesicular stage; the skin between the vesicles is never inflamed nor swollen; the large scabs of matter never form over the face; there is no intense pain, and only trifling itching, and the small is either very light or altogether wanting.—London Lancet.

A Californian has sued a newspaper for libel and received damages to the amount of one cent. By the way isn't it a little singular that nobody who sues a newspaper for libel now-a-days ever thinks to start a national bank with the money he makes by it?

The notorious outlaw Hildebrand has been hung by Lynch law in Pulaski County, Missouri.

What the Treaty Says.

The following are the portions of the treaty which relate to points in dispute:

"Whereas differences have arisen between the government of the United States and the government of her Britannic Majesty, and still existing, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims generally known as the 'Alabama claims'; and

"Whereas her Britannic Majesty has authorized her high commissioners and plenipotentiaries to express in a friendly spirit, the regret felt by her Majesty's government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the Alabama and other vessels from British ports, and depredations committed by those vessels;

"Now in order to remove and adjust all complaints and claims on the part of the United States, and to provide for the speedy settlement of such claims which are not admitted by her Britannic Majesty's government, the high contracting parties agree that all the said claims growing out of acts committed by the afore-said vessels, and generally known as the 'Alabama claims,' shall be referred to a tribunal of arbitration, to be composed of five arbitrators, * * * who shall proceed impartially and carefully to examine and decide all questions that shall be laid before them on the part of their respective governments."

Negro Equality.

The New York Commercial, a Republican paper, makes these very sensible remarks:

"Fred Douglass, who was lately refused admission to the Planters Hotel, St. Louis, explains that he went there for the express purpose of creating a rumpus, thinking thus 'to bring the disease to the surface, and effect a cure.' We are afraid the disease lies deeper than Fred's remedy can reach. Full equality before the law is the privilege of all, without distinction of race or color, but the Almighty has established certain natural barriers between the white man and the black, that no human statutes or ordinances can ever overthrow. Charles Sumner, with his civil rights bill, and Fred Douglass, with his social equality chimera, may not see this, but the future will demonstrate it even to their satisfaction."

Political Trouble Brewing.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican gives a political statement which is construed as portending trouble. It says:

"Senator Wilson has gone back to Washington, after two or three days in New England and New York, in a very alarming state of mind as to Gen. Grant's prospects of re-election. They tell us from Washington that he says he cannot take the stump in the New Hampshire election unless the President first 'cleans out' the New York custom-house. Even Forney has got frightened, and takes very gloomy views of the political situation. There are no better political barometers than Henry Wilson and John W. Forney. They scent danger from afar, and know well, when to hide from the coming storm."

The Way Kit Does It.

An ignorant critic finds fault with Joaquin Miller's poem, Kit Carson's Ride, because the hero dashes away "on bareback horse," and subsequently "rises in his stirrups." This kind of criticism is the paltry work of an uninformed mind. Those who are familiar with Mr. Carson's habits know that the never carried his stirrups upon his horse. He wore them hanging by a strap over his shoulders, and when he wanted to rise he placed his feet in them and stood up his whole weight falling upon himself, leaving the horse untouched beneath. Any person with ordinary intelligence, will see by the above explanation, that Kit's idea was to relieve his horse at times from his heavy burden.

Fatal Accident.

While blasting rock in his own well, Mr. Henry B. Young, a respectable citizen of this County, met the misfortune of losing his life by accidental explosion, on the 31st ult. Another person in the well with Mr. Y. at the time the explosion occurred, escaped with little or no injury. The hands at the windlass on hearing the explosion, lowered the bucket, when Mr. Young without assistance got into it, and was drawn up, but survived only about two hours. Mr. Young leaves a wife and several children to mourn his unfortunate death.—Laurensville Herald.

A Mr. Warren Nottingham, of Macon, while hunting in Houston County recently, tried the experiment of dragging a shot gun over the fence after him. His left arm is now in a sling.

A thoughtful Danbury lady puts her husband to stay home on an evening. Barring an hour or so devoted to rubbing his back, the time is pleasantly occupied.

Cut a Caper and Down he Went.

Or, rather off he went. A chevalier d'industrie (French for swindler) has been among us. He is a well-built, stoutish man, about 5 feet 10 in height, hair cut short and quite gray, moustache and long full beard, about forty years of age, gives himself out for thirty-five, a joint gone off of the finger of left hand, well dressed, wears black suit, velvet vest, silk hat, square-toed boots, quite neat and genteel in many appearance. Represents himself as a Royal Arch Mason, has taken 33d degree in Scottish rite. Gives himself out as a wealthy Virginia widower, two small and interesting children (not with him), was a colonel or general in Confederate army, name J. H. Gardner, pants for matrimony a second time, wished to buy a handsome house and looked at several, expected splendid buggy and two horses daily, but departed on foot and very fleet foot at that.

The long and short of it is that this individual proved to be a perfect "Dead Beat," and ran off between two suns, without paying his landlady. Beware of him all ye following named people: Citizens, hotel-keepers, landladies, business men, maidens, and widows.

Our brethren of the press will perhaps save other communities from being duped and artfully swindled by extending this notice of General Gardner, the wealthy Virginia gentleman.—Edgefield S. C. Advertiser.

The Third Commandment not Good for a Car Ride.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal tells the following amusing story:

A well-known doctor of divinity was riding the other day in a street car in company with a friend. He is a positive man, and resents an insult quite vehemently. Earnestly engaged in conversation, he handed the conductor a ticket as he came to collect the fare. The conductor did not move on. As he remained studying the ticket, the doctor's attention was attracted toward the official, who seemed to be highly interested in the car ticket. He read it, smiled, shook his head, and finally said to the doctor:

"This may be all very well, but the ticket is no good on this line." "What's the reason it's no good, I should like to know?" said the testy doctor, "it's one of your own tickets; I bought it this morning." "I guess not," said the conductor. "The alteration drew the attention of all the passengers. 'This is very good advice but it will not pass you over this line,' and the conductor read: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' An explosion followed—amid which the doctor paid his fare and left the car. He has concluded to keep his religious cards in one pocket and his car tickets in another."

President W. J. Mugarth.

We are gratified to know that at a recent election this faithful, vigilant and laborious officer received a well done from the stockholders, which must be flattering to his many friends. When the 8,000 ballots were counted out it was found that he had received a unanimous vote, standing at the head of the ticket for directors. This is an honorarium well bestowed, and will find an affirmative response from tidewater to the Blue Ridge.—Charleston Courier.

The Cape Fear River is now at a higher point than has been known since 1865. It has risen some sixty or sixty-five feet at Fayetteville, the water being nearly to the top of the bluff. It fell about five feet on Monday, but was rising again Tuesday. Considerable damage has been caused along the banks by the carrying away of timber—staves, fence rails, &c., and in one or two instances barns and store-houses have been washed off.—Should the water rise much higher, a serious distress will be the consequence.

Subterranean Dwelling.

Discoveries which, it is said, promise to be as interesting as those of the old lake dwelling in Switzerland, have recently been made in the south of France. Among the Pyrenean mountains, at a short distance below the surface of the ground, the remains of ancient cities have been found, which are presumed to belong to a prehistoric age. The houses are of the same character as those of the Swiss lakes. Investigations are making the result of which has not yet been announced.

A Chinaman who had his nose bit off in San Francisco, had it carefully packed and sent back home to show his friends one of the American customs.

Why are washerwomen the silliest of people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

The sentence of Watson, the English clergyman who murdered his wife, has been commuted to penal servitude for life.